

Chaos At Its Finest

by Samantha's Library

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Summary: Manic was falling to his intimate doom. He noticed the ground was coming up pretty quick too. Of course, he'd probably bounce off all of those trees first...It's funny how much your mind wanders in a long fall to your inevitable doom.

Chaos At Its Finest

****Welcome to my first modern (sort of) action story!****

****So this is a little one-shot written for my friend Twin-books. She's been bored on fanfiction lately, so I thought I'd do something to change that at least a little. Thanks for the title idea, by the way, Twin!****

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****Enjoy! :)****

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><p>Manic wondered where he would go when he died. True he was a thief throughout most of his life but leaving that past behind to follow his long-lost sibs on a-what could have been considered-mission impossible to bring down RobotnikEggman, reunite with their mother (Queen Aleena), and take their rightful place as the council of four, had to count for something right? He probably shouldn't care but he had a right to know where death would bring him, didn't he? Because death was coming up pretty fast.

Oh yeah, you should probably know Manic was falling to his intimate doom. He noticed the ground was coming up pretty quick too. Of course he'd probably bounce off all those forest trees first and then the ground would finish the rest of him off. Whatever of him was left.

That's a pleasant thought he thought, sarcastically. Then again, he might survive this, emphasis on _might_.

Images flashed across his eyes and seemed to sling-shot past him as he fell. He saw his mom, as beautiful and as elegant as always with her fierce stature and her regal manor. Manic wondered if this was the last time he would see her. Then he saw his sibs, Sonic and Sonia, with Sonic's usual vexatious smile and Sonia's proud sisterly grin. Chaos he _was_ going to die wasn't he?! It truly must have been a special event if he saw that look on his sister's face, even in a memory.

And Chaos, this was a humiliating way to die. Manic always thought he'd go by multiple laser gun shots or robotization or maybe beaten to death by some old lady he'd stolen from. Okay so maybe that last one wasn't much better, but Manic honestly preferred almost anything other than becoming a green pancake on the forest floor. Manic that's right, he was green no one would even notice his mangled body until he was practically withered to bones.

He imagined that years into the future someone might pass by his remains with their kid and wonder who he was and what happened to him. It's funny how much your mind wanders in a long fall to your inevitable doom. _Wait, is that even supposed to happen?_ Manic wondered. But he didn't have time to figure it out because he had made contact with the trees.

The thieving prince's mind was a string of _ow, ow, ow, ow! Ow, ow! FOR THE LOVE OF CHAOS, OW!_ And those thoughts were translated to words: "AAAAAAAH HHH!" and then _thump_. He felt his body spiral across the dirt, his quills flying into his face, and he just had time to open his eyes for a split second before dots clouded his vision and his eyelids slid shut to bring him nothing but darkness.

oOo

The Events Prior to Manic's Fall:

"SONIC, I AM GOING TO MURDER YOU!" Sonia screamed, blasting swatbots with her keyboard as she ran backwards down the hallway. Sonic spiraled down the halls, dodging lasers and pelting bots in spin-dashes. Manic, having nothing to defend himself, just stayed as close to his sister as he could and tried to keep up with his super-speeding brother. Okay, so he did have his drums, but when not in medallion form they weren't exactly the most portable things in the world and when _in_ medallion form they were pretty much useless. Manic contemplated using his minor geokinesis, but then thought against it since it took too much concentration and he'd probably bring the whole place down on top of them anyway.

"So I made a wrong turn" Sonic defended, shrugging and then spin-dashing a swatbot to the ground. "simple mistake."

"Sonic, we follow Mother's directions for a reason!" Sonia complained.

"Is now really the best time to have this argument?" Manic budded in, slamming his back against a wall to avoid a laser. Right now Manic would have given anything in the world to be soaking up sun on the

beach or casually stealing wallets from aristocrat jerks. But no—he was in one of Robotnik's "Top Secret" security labs, isolated in one of the most unpopulated forests on Mobius. They were only here to destroy an old robotizier and maybe steal some schematics. But Sonic, being his usual reckless self, just had to stray from their assigned path and attract the attention of as many SWATbots as he could.

"You're right, Manic." Sonia realized, nodding at him. She gunned down a SWATbot before turning her head back to Sonic. "We will continue this discussion, later."

"Discussion?!" Sonic yelled, shooting two SWATbots without even batting an eye. Manic rolled his eyes and started searching around for an exit. Would it kill Robotnik to put up just one flashing red EXIT sign above his doors?! But no, that would be far too easy. That's when Manic spotted an airlock door and a keypad and practically sprinted to his new desired direction.

"Thank Chaos!" Manic cried, typing numbers into the keypad on the wall.

"Uh bro?" Sonic called across the hall. "Whatcha doin'?" A SWATbot caught Sonic by surprise, but with one swing from his guitar he sent the bot tumbling into others, creating an unintentional domino-effect.

"I don't think you're supposed to use your weapon that way Sonic." Sonia informed. Sonic narrowed his eyes at her and gestured to the collapsed line of SWATbots.

"Hey, it worked didn't it?" he cried. Manic kept focused on his fingers. Sometimes it was hard to keep concentration when he was so tempted to turn around and see what was going on behind him, but he had learned the hard way several times, that focus is key if he wanted to make it out of a mission alive. "Manic!" Sonic called. Manic growled under his breath. Why did his sibs have to make this so much harder? "What's up?"

Manic sighed, and fiddled with the pad some more before replying. "This is an aircraft station!" he explained. "I'm trying to get us a fast ride out of here!" Sonic's eyes shot open wide and he turned back to his bots.

"Carry on then!" he cried. "We'll watch your back." Manic nodded unconsciously before grinning to himself when the airlock door disappeared into the wall with a clang, sucking air into its space. Manic turned to his sibs, who were currently in battle and grinned.

"C'mon guys, it's open!" he yelled. Sonia and Sonic nodded in understanding before giving their last blows and zipping through the doorway. Manic followed, typing on the keypad as he slipped through, and the airlock door slammed shut once again. He turned and his mouth practically fell open. "Whoa—" Inside the aircraft station were—well—aircrafts, but they were huge and impressively designed.

"There." Sonia pointed to a comparatively small jet in the front. "We take that one."

"Why not one of the big one's?" Sonic asked. Sonia rolled her eyes.

"Because, this one's faster and easier to pilot." She explained simply, boarding the jet. She peeked her head out the airlock door before completely disappearing inside the jet. Sonic and Manic turned to each other, shrugged and then followed her. The boys found their sister already seated at the pilot's seat and starting up the aircraft. "Also," she continued. "This is a fighter jet, so if we need to defend ourselvesâ€¦" Sonia pressed a button and two small guns emerged from the nose of the jet, leaving just enough room to see. Sonia propped her arm up on top of the seat and grinned at her brothers' impressed expressions. "â€¦we can." She finished.

"Cool." Manic commented, flopping into the seat beside her.

"Way past cool." Sonic agreed, smirking and sitting down in the seat behind Manic. Sonic propped his legs up on the back of Manic's seat as Sonia looked out the window.

"Don't get too comfortable, Sonic." She warned. "We've got companyâ€¦" Manic leaned forward in his seat and dared to look out the window.

"_Chaos_." He muttered as at least a dozen SWATbots stormed towards their jet. Manic looked back to the airlock door and noticed there was a SWATbot-sized hole right in the middle of it, it was singed at the edges too, so Manic deduced they'd lasered a hole in the door. Sonic's legs dropped back to the floor with a dramatic _thump_.

Sonia went into overdrive and started turning knobs and flipping switches until the metal bird was moving. There was a cringe worthy screech and a whole bunch of clangs as the airlock door of the jet was ripped open. Sonic bolted from his seat and raced to confront the stowaways. Manic gripped Sonia's seat with nervous tension rising in his chest. "How's it going, sis?" he dared to ask.

Suddenly the jet lurched forward, sending Sonic flying into the back of the aircraft with a couple bots in tow. Manic's back was pressed up against his seat, until he got used to the sudden speed. "Well," Sonia said. "She's moving faster now." Manic nodded in agreement as he patted down his fur. Sonia turned to Manic with a dead serious expression. "Listen Manic, we're about to fly out of here and I've got to focus on piloting the aircraft or this might as well be our coffin. So you need to help Sonic. He may have bull-headed stubbornness, but he's not invincible." Manic nodded and Sonia nodded back.

"You can count on me, sis!" Manic assured, grinning and racing over to help Sonic. Speaking of the blue blur, the hero was currently fending off three bots in the compact space of the jet. Manic examined his surroundings.

At this speed the hole in the jet where the airlock door used to be was ripping anything out of the jet it could, stray SWATbots were even being catapulted out of the aircraft as he watched. Manic made a mental note to avoid that. There was a fire extinguisher hooked to the side of the jet on his right, which would probably be his weapon

since pulling out his drums was definitely not the best idea in this situation. Even Sonic had refrained from using his guitar for fear it would be sucked away. Manic grabbed the fire extinguisher with a sigh and started to pelt bots with it.

The brothers tumbled into the side of the jet as it ascended into open space. "How's it going back there?!" Sonia called. Her voice was bodiless since she was hidden behind her comically huge seat.

"I've got a metal arm in my ribs and I'm pinned up against the wall!" Sonic called. "But otherwise, I guess I'm good!" Ah, that lovely Sonic sarcasm Manic had come to love. Sonic pushed the bot off him and said bot was sucked out the door like garbage into a vacuum. Sonic then spin-dashed another bot into Manic, and Manic pelted it with his extinguisher, sending it flying out the door as well.

"Is that all of them?" Manic asked, looking around. Sonic swiveled his head violently to see.

"Yeah, I think-" the jet tilted again and empty crates rolled to the side, disappearing into the unknown, out the gap. Manic went spiraling into Sonic and Sonic cried out in surprise as his brother pelted into him. "-we're safe." He finished, with a grumble. Manic climbed off Sonic and scooted away as the blue hedgehog recollected himself. "I think we should probably avoid-MANIC, LOOK OUT!" Manic was confused for just a second, but he turned to be met with a robotic fist to the gut and he and his attacker went tumbling out the hole in the wall. Sonic ran like Manic had never seen him run before and clutched Manic's wrist just before he completely flew away.

Manic's attacker skidded off the wing, ripping a chunk of metal away before falling into the atmosphere below. The aircraft started tumbling towards the ground, having lost the essential balance it needed to keep flight, but Sonic didn't look like he cared. Manic's super-fast brother clutched the side of the aircraft with all his strength and Manic had never seen the hedgehog so still in his life. "SONIC!" Manic cried out in distress, his body flailing. Sonic looked Manic dead straight in the eyes, his emerald ovals full of fear and anguish.

"_No way_ am I letting you fall, lil' bro!" Sonic assured. Manic appreciated the confidence boost but he wasn't so sure that Sonic could follow through on that promise. Manic dared to look down and realized just how horrible that idea was immediately. Far below him were specks of trees that were getting bigger _fast_ as the jet spiraled to the ground. The powerful gust of air that threatened to pull Manic from Sonic's grip, ripped air from the green hedgehog's lungs. Manic could feel his quills fly behind him and his eyes go dry. The green prince had this terrible feeling he was going to die.

He looked back up to his brother whose thick blue quills were threatening to fly into his eyes but were too short to do anything at all. Sonic's brow was crumpled in his strain and he was breathing heavily. The look in Sonic's eyes was something Manic had seen only once in a very rare occasion, it was also a look he was hoping he'd never see again. It was the look that Sonic got when he knew he couldn't control a situation, when he wasn't sure he would make out alive. And it was also the most terrifying expression Manic had ever

witnessed.

"Sonic-!" Manic started to say, but the jet bolted upwards, regaining its balance and Sonic's arm was whipped away from Manic's and the thieving prince was officially thrown from the jet.

The last thing he saw before his long fall was a look of absolute terror on his brother's face as he yelled, "_MANIC_" And then Manic was falling. It made him think that he should probably take thieving lessons from gravity, after allâ€¦

It was so good at stealing lives.

â€¦o0oâ€¦

Present Time:

The first thing Manic noticed when he slipped back into consciousness was _pain_. His whole body was on fire and he felt thick warm liquid seep down his limbs. He groaned, he didn't dare open his eyes for a long time, for fear of what he'd find. That's when something occurred to him, _I'm alive!_ He thought, opening his eyes. _How am I alive?!_ He wondered.

The first things he saw were emerald green eyes and pink, _lots_ of pink. Was it Sonic and Sonia? "How long was I out?" he shot up and knocked heads with someone.

"Ow!" A very feminine voice cried out. Manic didn't care to ask her if she was alright, because he was in far too much pain to dare. "Chaos!" The same feminine voice cursed, sounding annoyed. "Lie back down!" Manic felt someone push on his chest and he was suddenly lying on his back again, staring back up at a pink hedgehog, who definitely wasn't his sister. Her emerald green eyes were fiery and focused as she glared at him. Even though he knew exactly what he did wrong, those beautiful ovals made him question everything about his being. "I don't know how hurt you are," she explained. "Sitting up could make it worse."

"How long was I out?" Manic repeated, his eyes narrowing in confusion. He looked around as best he could, though every time he tried to turn his head the pink hedgehog would push it back into place. Of the few glances he got he realized he was still in the forest and judging by the position he was in, he guessed he was probably seriously injured. Maybe a broken leg? Or two? _Chaos,_ and all those battle scars from his contact with the treesâ€¦there was a sizable amount of blood. The female hedgehog dragged a damp cloth across some of his wounds and Manic hissed in pain. "Gah!"

"You asked that already." She pointed out, trying to distract him. Manic cringed and moved around, trying to ignore the pain. "Hold still!" she ordered, getting a firm grip on his arm and dabbing at those wounds as well. "I can't bandage up your wounds if they aren't properly cleaned, and you're only making it harder on yourself by fighting it." Manic tried to obey her, but he was so tempted to move, he _hated_ being injured.

"I notice-Gah!-that you didn't-ow!-answer the question the first time." He said. He was relieved to find that it didn't hurt quite as bad when she eased her way up his arm. To his surprise, she

grinned.

"Yeah, well, I was kind of busy." She explained, gesturing to him, as she stretched her arm out to something Manic couldn't see. Manic raised an eyebrow at her, as if to say: _So are you going to answer the question or not?_ She sighed. "I don't know how long you were unconscious, I only _just_ found you here a little while ago." Manic looked up at the sky and sighed.

He sure hoped his sibs were okay. _Chaos_, Sonia was probably worried sick about him. Manic grinned and snickered to himself. Sonic was probably annoying her to death trying to convince her he was okay, even though he was probably pretty worried himself. Manic sighed, _Sonia's right,_ he thought. _He's always so stubborn_. Amy started wrapping a bandage-Manic didn't know she had-around his arm and smiled sweetly at him. "The hedgehog's seriously injured and he's smiling!" she rolled her eyes. "Crazy." She decided. When she was done wrapping up that arm she reached to one side, pulled out a bandage and started wrapping the other one.

"Well, there's this beautiful nurse tending to me." Manic told her. "What's not to smile about?" The pink hedgehog rolled her eyes, but Manic saw the corner of her mouth perk up just a little bit.

"I'm not a nurse," She assured. "I've just seen my fair share of injuries." She laughed a little and looked him in the eyes. "My name's Amy, by the way." She introduced. Manic grinned.

"Mani-OW!" her knee met a very ripe wound and Manic stiffened, trying not to let his body shake too much from the pain.

"Oh chaos!" Amy cursed. "I'm _so _sorry!" Manic took a deep breath and closed his eyes, before opening them again.

"I'm Manic." He introduced once again. Amy stopped what she was doing and frowned, pulling herself into a cross-legged position and rubbing her hand against her chin as if in thought.

"Now why does that sound familiar?" she seemingly asked herself. Manic was confused and his confusion didn't go away when the ground started to vibrate.

"What's tha-?" he began to ask, but Amy shot up and ran off in a direction Manic wasn't allowed to look. Manic pouted about that. She didn't abandon him, did she? He dreaded the thought.

"Tails!" Amy cried, somewhere in the distance. "Oh thank _chaos_!" Manic heard a vehicle hum and growl as it approached. Manic stiffened, he set up his guard, he didn't think Amy was a bad person, but he could never be too sure. Instinctively, Manic's hand crept up his chest, toward his medallion, ready to summon his drums if he needed to. _How_ he'd actually play them with these injuries was a beyond him, but he'd figure it out if he had to. "He's over here!" Amy called, sounding closer. Suddenly the pink hedgehog appeared back in his vision and Manic jumped a little in surprise.

Amy grinned, before examining him and glaring. "I told you not to move!" she scorned, crossing her arms.

"I can't help it." He replied, attempting a shrug with his sore

muscles. Bad idea. _Very_ bad idea. Manic cringed. Amy rolled her eyes and Manic saw another figure appear in his vision. A small orange-yellow fox was standing over him, his bright blue eyes scanning Manic.

"He got beat up pretty bad." The fox noted. Manic noticed how his tails kind of swayed when he talked. A fox with two tailsâ€|that was very familiarâ€|Tailsâ€|_very_ familiar. Manic started to have a feeling of déjà vu at its finest. Amy nodded.

"Help me drag him into the Mobo-Cruiser will you?" She asked, grabbing hold of one of Manic's arms gently. Tails nodded and gently collected Manic's other arm. When Amy said "drag him" Manic didn't think she meant literally, but apparently that's exactly what she meant. Was he heavier then he looked or something? Every once in a while they would stop and kick something out of their path, before Manic finally felt himself being hoisted into a very weird looking vehicle. _It was probably the same one I heard earlier_, Manic deduced.

Manic suddenly felt like an innocent child, incapable of helping himself, as Amy tried to buckle him in. Suffice to say, he _hated_ it. Manic grabbed the seat-belt from her and stared firmly at her. "I got this." He assured, clicking the seatbelt into its slot to prove his point. Amy rolled her eyes and climbed into the seat in front of him, Tails took the driver's seat.

As soon as the vehicle started up Manic realized he didn't know where they were going. Well that was stupid of him, he didn't even know these two. "Where are we going?" he asked.

"Oh right." Amy said, remembering something. She stared at the back of Tails' head with a look of alarm. "If we're taking him home, is he cleared or do I need to blindfold him or something."

Manic ignored the weirdness in that question and instead asked his question again. "Where are we going?" Tails glanced back at Amy for a second before turning back to the path ahead.

"Umâ€|" Tails hummed. Manic didn't have to be a genius to know when he was being ignored. He got that kind of treatment all the time from his sibs when they fought. There was a static noise and Tails turned his head down to something Manic couldn't see. "He's cleared." He said with a tone of surprise. "You'll never believe who he is, Amyâ€|"

"Let me see." Amy leaned over Tails seat and looked down, while Tails stared back up at the road. Manic wondered what the heck they were staring at. Amy glanced at him with a bewildered expression, looked down again, glanced at him, looked down againâ€|and it already got annoying the third time she repeated it. She finally looked at Tails. "You're right." She told him. "I don't believe it." Tails snickered.

"What?" Manic asked, even though he already knew. He was a prince but he sure as Chaos didn't look or act like one, Amy had every reason to be surprised. Or at least he assumed that was it. "Can't believe I'm more amazing then I look?" he spared a sly half-hearted grin and Amy rolled her eyes.

"Okay." She told Tails, dryly. "Now I'm starting to see it." Amy looked up to the sky. "That explains why I thought his name was so familiar too, because Sonic told me."

"Sonic?" Manic smirked, perhaps Tails and Amy were friends after all. "You know my bro?" Out of habit Manic fiddled with his person, his quills, his medallion, his vest, the zipper on his fanny packâ€|anything to keep his hands busy. He ignored the fact that his actions hurt with a passion and instead focused on his excitement. "Are you guys freedom fighters?"

"No, we're not freedom fighters." Amy said sarcastically, a smile on her face. "That's why I bandaged you up, we drug you into our vehicle, and are now driving you to our base uncuffed where you could possibly take down all our defenses; because we're actually Eggman's goons and as soon as this is all over we plan to kill you." Amy snickered at the end. "If you haven't already escaped."

"You know, if I didn't actually know you were freedom fighters right now, I might have actually considered you to be Eggman's goons after that." Manic replied. Tails and Amy burst out laughing.

"Yeah, some of them are pretty stupid." Tails agreed. Manic grinned victoriously at his success at making them laugh. "We're heading to our base."

Ahead of them, on the ground was a golden circular building. Atop it sat a scarlet dome with a yellow star painted atop it. At either side thick sheets of silver metal extended into the shape of wings. Manic thought it was a giant flying button for sure. Manic whistled as they got closer. "Does it fly?" he asked.

Tails gazed proudly at it and Manic was pretty sure he'd played some part in its construction. "Yep." He replied, sounding like an excited little kid. "We call it the Sky Patrol Battleship."

"It's really cool." Manic said, genuinely impressed. Tails drove the vehicle through a garage-like door and Manic watched as the garage-like door slipped shut behind him, all the natural light escaping. The noise it made as it shut sounded so good, like it was new and ran smoothly. It was a beautiful sound Manic didn't get to experience too often, not even the S.U.V. (Sonic Underground Van) made that sound-which was actually kind of sad now that he thought about it.

Amy and Tails hopped out of the vehicle and helped Manic out. Pretty soon Manic was in the Medical station with a very excited Tails telling him about the SP Battleship. Don't get him wrong, he loved listening to Tails talk about it, he found it very interesting, but he hated just lying there when he didn't know where his sibs were and there was nothing satisfying for his restless hands to do. "Where's Sonic?" he asked, finally.

Tails looked sad to be interrupted but smiled anyway. "I told him that you're here. He's on his wayâ€|with Sonia, don't worry." Manic grinned and nodded.

"Good." Manic drummed his fingers against his chest and raised an eyebrow curiously at Tails. "Can I get out of this bed now?"

"No." Amy answered for Tails, as she entered the room. "Doctor's orders." She gestured to the cast on his leg. "How would you even get anywhere?"

"You don't have a wheelchair or crutches or something?" he whined. Amy looked amused with his complaining as she shook her head. "I don't want to stay hereâ€¦I wanna moveâ€¦"

"Well, now we know how you and Sonic are related." Tails said, with a laugh.

"Hey, I'm a thief, we have restless sticky fingers." Manic replied. "If I can't _move_ then I'm not a very good thief am I?"

"You're a thief?" Amy asked. She rolled her eyes. "Oh you just keep getting better and betterâ€¦"

"Have a problem with thieves, beautiful?" Manic asked, grinning. Instead of answering his question Amy turned to Tails.

"I swear he has all of Sonic's bad qualities, plus his own." She said.

"I'm really feeling the love." Manic said, sarcastically. Tails laughed as Amy grinned triumphantly.

"Wow," Manic shot his head toward the doorframe to see his dear blue brother. "What did you do to Amy, bro?" Manic smiled and Sonic smiled back. "Normally I can't walk into a room without her jumping all over me, let alone stand in a doorframe."

"Hey!" Amy cried, sounding annoyed. Amy reached behind her back and Manic didn't know what she was trying to do but Sonic apparently didn't like it, because he held his hands up in surrender. Sonic laughed.

"Whoa, whoa, I'm just picking on you Ames." He assured. Sonic turned his head back to Manic and gave him a worried grin. "How you doing bro?"

"I could write a book about all the different types of pains I'm feeling right now." He replied. Sonic sighed sadly and Manic knew he blamed himself. "It wasn't your fault bro." he assured. "It was those metal heads." Sonic smiled. "And gravity." Manic looked at the ground and frowned. "Curse you, gravity!" he cried, shaking his fist for added effect. Sonic laughed and Manic grinned victoriously.

"You're right." He agreed.

"Sonic the Hedgehog." Said a stern voice, all four occupants of the room turned to see Sonia. "I told you not to go off without me." She looked at her two brother's smiling faces and let her own smile loose. "It's alright, I understand, you were worried." Sonia sat down across from Tails on the other side of Manic's bed. "Are you okay?" she asked, sadly. Manic repeated what he said to Sonic only to a lighter extent.

"So what happened with you guys?" Manic asked, curious. He sat up in bed, despite protests from Amy and Sonia sent a look to Amy that made her blush, like: _I know your secret_. Manic shrugged it off and

stared at his brother for answers.

"Well, it's pretty boring actuallyâ€|" Sonic said.

"Boring?!" Sonia questioned. "When I finally landed the jet (which wasn't easy mind you), we were surrounded by SWATbots." Sonia explained, taking over. "Sonic stubbornly jumped into battle-as always-and I had to risk my life backing up his blue behind-as always." Sonia glared at Sonic.

"Okay," Sonic, admitted with a shrug. "Boring for me." Sonia pinched the bridge of her nose and sighed.

"Anyway," she continued. "After we escaped that, we got the call from Tails that you were at the base and we got here as quick as we could." Manic snickered.

"I'm glad you're okay." He said.

"Just as we are also glad that you're okay." Sonia replied, reaching over to give Manic a hug. Sonic joined in.

"Awâ€|" Amy sighed. Manic grinned slyly.

"I know, I'm adorable." He told her. Amy rolled her eyes.

As the triplets pulled away from each other a question crossed Manic's mind. "So how come we all haven't met before?" He asked. Sonic rubbed the back of his head.

"Good questionâ€|" Sonic replied. Sonia stared at him with her arms crossed.

"You really have no excuse do you?" Sonia asked, with a small smile. Sonic grinned.

"None at all." He replied. Everybody laughed at him and Sonic grinned. "Whelp," Sonic said. "Let's meet the rest of the crew then."

"The rest?" Manic asked.

"Yeah." Sonic replied. The blue hedgehog grinned at Tails and Amy. "As awesome as these two are, you didn't think they were the only friends I had did you?"

"Well as a matter of factâ€|" Manic started to say.

"Don't answer that." Sonic replied, with a glare. Manic snickered.

"Alright, cool," He decided. "Let's meet the crew." He then frowned. "But how am I supposed toâ€|?" he questioned, gesturing to his cast. Sonic turned to Amy.

"You haven't given him the wheelchair yet?" he asked. Manic turned and glared at Amy and Amy grinned evilly in return. Sonic laughed. "Oh, I see."

"You're evil, you know that?" Manic told her.

"Says the thief." Amy shot back. Normally Manic would have been offended, but instead he snickered this time.

"TouchÃ©." He told her. Sonic yanked a folded up wheelchair out of what Manic assumed was the closet and unfolded it.

"Alright bro, hop on." Manic grinned and Sonia helped him into the wheelchair. Manic spun the wheels and turned himself around.

"Alright!" he cried triumphantly, happy to finally be doing something. Manic turned to Sonic with a smile. "Okay, let's go." He started to wheel off when Sonic grabbed the handles of the wheelchair.

"No, no." Sonic said. "That's much too slowâ€|" Sonic put on his game face and Manic was suddenly nervous. The blue blur leaned against the handles and got ready to run.

"Sonic-?" Sonia started to say, sounding worried.

"Hold on." Sonic told Manic. Manic didn't need to be told twice, he gripped the arm rests like his life depended on it, which it probably did. Then Sonic zipped off and Manic was propelled into his seat, fake wind pushing his quills behind him.

"SONIC!" Sonia screamed, somewhere far behind. "DON'T GET HIM ANYMORE HURT THAN HE ALREADY IS, OKAY?!" Sonic laughed in reply. Manic felt a rush and let a smile slip onto his face.

"Awesome!" he cried, leaning forwards. Sonic looked down on his brother's smile and grinned. He then, of course, sped up.

* * *

><p>How was it? Hope you enjoyed. Why did I leave it like this you ask? To keep it open for the imagination and so I had an opening in case I ever wanted to come back and add onto it.

Please express your thoughts in a review. Constructive criticism is always appreciated, but flames *_will**_* be ignored. I should probably point out this is my first time ever writing a story from Manic's point of view, so if you could give me an opinion of how I did, that'd be nice. Thank you. **

Thanks for reading everyone. :)

**Samantha's Library. A Percy Jackson writer. **

End
file.